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THE
MINISTER of STATE,
A SATIRE.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

The title-page contains a four-line quotation from "Swift's 'Poem to Gay', 1731". The correct title of Swift's poem is "An epistle to Mr. Gay, 1731" and the lines quoted are those numbered 31-34. This "Epistle" was a satire on Sir Robert Walpole.

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MINISTER OF STATE

1 3 3 4 3 4

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

2

T H E

MINISTER of STATE,

A S A T I R E.

——— “ *To make my Observation right,
“ I place a Statesman full before my Sight,
“ A bloated Minister in all his Geer,
“ With shameless Visage, and perfidious Leer.”*

Swift's Poem to Gay, 1731.

“ *My Heart's too great, tho' Fortune little,
“ To lick a Rascal Statesman's Spittle.”*

Swift's Libel on Lord Carteret.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. PRIDDEN, at the Feathers in Fleet-Street.

M DCC LXII.

MINISTER of STATE

A. S. A. T. R. E.

THE SECOND EDITION

ON D. O. K.

1844



T H E

MINISTER of STATE



WHILE *Freedom* echoes from each venal Thro

And *Liberty's* a Word that's got by rote

What is it to the People or the Realm,

Who's in or out, or who directs the *Hel*

What argues, if a Nation's to be drain'd,

Whether 'tis done for this or t'other End?

Whether

Whether at home in ministerial Jars,
 Or stript by Foreigners in foreign Wars?
 To me 'tis equal whether B—— or P——
 Doth Minister in *Britain's* Council sit :
 'Tis all the same ; whoever is the Man,
 He'll get as many Thousands as he can.

WHOEVER knew a Patriot so just,
 That would not, for his Int'rest, sell his Trust?
 Yet all alike keep up the public Cry
 Of Freedom, Honour, and Integrity ;
 And have a Tribe of Panders at Command,
 To bellow out their Virtues thro' the Land :
 By this they tumble in the public Treasure,
 And sacrifice the Nation at their Pleasure.
 Mean while th' intoxicated *Million* roar,
 " Was ever such a Minister before ?

" So

- " So wise, so ardent for his Country's Good,
 " So frugal of our Treasure and our Blood!
 " So careful of our Dignity and Trade!
 " And then so humble — when he asks our Aid,
 " Who can deny what'er his Honour wants?
 " What Hand so parsimonious, but grants?"

THUS, voluntary, *Britons* shut their Eyes,
 And pay their Taxes, Subsidies, Supplies;
 Implicitly obey the Patriot Cheat,
 And think he's wise and good — because he's great:
 Boast of their free and salutary Laws,
 And readily embark in any Cause;
 Blindfold, through thick and thin, they blunder on,
 Not think of wanting till their Treasure's gone:
 And yet the stupid Dotards *think* they see,
 As drunken Slaves *imagine* they are free:

But

But ah! when Coffers sink and Purfes fail,
 And free-born *Britons* ruminate in Jail;
 When Liberty and Property's no more,
 And public Credit turns a public Whore;
 Where, but on him, must fall the gen'ral Curse,
 Who, lavish, drain'd the Coffer or the Purse?
 Will not the Bankrupt Gulls, alas! too late,
 Rail at the Author of their wretched Fate?
 And freely censure, with united Voice,
 The pamper'd Object of mistaken Choice?
 Him whom they prais'd with such vociferous Strain
 As prov'd their Lungs were sounder than their Brain
 Who *but a Month**, *a little Month* before,
 Was greater than the Deities of Yore.
 Now sunk and hackney'd in the public Eye,
 And all through what?—their own Credulit'

* Hamlet.

GREAT

GREAT Virtues in a human Form may join,
 But yet the Man can never be divine :
 Why then should *Britons*, in a polish'd Age,
 For mortal Men, as Deities, engage?
 Is Honesty so scarce in *Britain* grown,
 Is Virtue such a Wonder near the Throne,
 That ev'n the mere External should excite
 Such Admiration in the public Light?
These but the Trappings † and the Suits of Worth,
 A Minister is but a Man of Earth ;
 And “ Virtue, Freedom, Justice of his Cause,”
 Are all mere Traps for popular Applause.

SHORN of his Beams, and stript of all his Pride,
 Behold the Patriot, lately deify'd ;
 Place him in any Light your Friendship can,
 His Godship now appears a very Man.

† Hamlet.

B

EXTERNAL

EXTERNAL Virtue mark'd him to the Throng—
 Their fav'rite Toast—the Theme of ev'ry Song.
 An Orator, a Statesman, each confest;
 And all, they thought, was pure within his Breast:
 Free from the base Corruption of the State,
 He stemm'd the Torrent of the pow'rful Great;
 Detected ev'ry Stratagem and Art
 That meant to wound *Britannia's* honest Heart.

SUCH was their high Opinion—which, to crown,
 From ev'ry City, Corporation, Town,
 Addresses, Freedoms, Boxes, round him flew—
 The Statesman vainly took them as his Due.
 But ah! the Patriot in a luckless Hour,
 Solicited in vain superior Pow'r!
 He ask'd a Pension from N*****'s Grace,
 Ere yet his Merit dignify'd his Place ‡.

‡ Vide Letter from the Author of the Letters versified to the Author
 of the Monitor.

THUS

THUS Int'rest ever blows the Patriot's Flame,
 And ev'ry Minister is still the same.
 The public Good, however great the Phrase,
 Too oft's a Bait for temporary Praise:
 Praise, once attain'd, is kept alive by Art;
 Whilst living, brisk the Statesman plays his Part,
 And as the arduous Dupes impetuous roar,
 Their Idol still resolves to fleece them more:
 When th' epidemic Frenzy rages high,
 And vulgar Acclamations fill the Sky,
 Then's the important Crisis to decide
 The Patriot's great Humility or Pride.
 Ere this, 'tis possible, he might be just,
 And was determin'd to deserve his Trust.
 But ah! when cramm'd with Praise his fated Ear,
 His Int'rest fix'd, the People's Hearts sincere,

Pride, Av'rice, Pow'r, attack his pamper'd Breast,
 And Resolution fails him in the Test :
 Ambition, Splendor, all their Charms unfold,
 And raise a Prospect horizon'd with Gold :
 Vast Piles of glitt'ring Wealth attract his Eyes,
 Parks, Palaces, and Domes before him rise ;
 Groves, Grotts, and lofty Turrets intervene,
 While Ease and Pleasure hover o'er the Scene :
 Lost in Amaze ! the Patriot's Truth is flown,
 And all the public Good — becomes his own.

SURE of the People's Voice, do what he will,
 The public Good becomes the public Ill :
 Conscious how great he stands in their Esteem,
 He fears to wake them from their pleasing Dream ;
 Fresh Soporifics now and then applies,
 To loose their Fancies, and to seal their Eyes ;

And,

And, like the Serpent at the Ear of Eve,
 He whispers what he'd wish them to believe;
 Of advantageous Treaties and Allies,
 Of foreign Princes, valiant, great, and wise;
 Of " Hair-breadth Scapes " with wild and barb'rous Nations,
 Blockades and Breaches, Trenches, Embarkations;
 Of Thousands in some fierce No-Battle slain,
 And Thousands ten of hostile Pris'ners ta'en;
 Of Prodigies perform'd by Horse and Foot;
 Of Colours, Drums, and Magazines to boot!
 But most with Blood and Slaughter stuffs his Phrase,
 The only Way to catch the gen'ral Praise.
 A *British* Politician thirsts for Blood,
 And seeks it as the Raven seeks his Food:
 Of Spoils and Ravages elated hears,
 And listens with Attention's gladden'd Ears:

Alike

Alike to him how many Widows sigh,
 How many Parents weep, or Orphans cry :
 On burning Towns he ruminates with Ease,
 As if Destruction was ordain'd to please.
 For this each Morn he quits his downy Bed,
 And hastes to read, or hear, the Papers read.
 Wet from the Press the reeking Sheet he eyes,
 The Vehicle of Novelty and Lies!
 And, ere 'tis Day, each lengthen'd Column views,
 In hopes of Victory and bloody News.

BUT ah ! if neither Blood nor Wounds appear,
 His Stomach's disappointed of its Chear :
 In fullen Mood he lays the Paper by,
 Rails at the Army, K——, and Ministry :
 Swears the Prime Minister's an arrant Knave,
 The Gen'als Cowards, and the ***** a Slave :

Declares

Declares the public Treasure's misapply'd,
 Or sunk in Folly, Luxury, and Pride ;
 The People Gulls and Affes to endure it —
 Yet cannot find a Remedy to cure it.

WHILE Discontent thus murmurs 'mong the Crew,
 For want of bloody Bus'ness, strange and new !
 Those at the Helm must set their Wits to work —
 Strait from Invention's Bottle flies the Cork. —
 A new Express comes thund'ring out amain,
 And echoes through each Alley, Street, and Lane.
 The Puffers at the Park impetuous roar,
 By louder Puffers answer'd at the Tow'r.
 The Steeples ring, the Bonfires blaze on high,
 Ascending Rockets brave the vaulted Sky,
 And all to back a ministerial Lie.

MEAN

MEAN while the *Quidnuncs* bustle to and fro
 With eager Haste, unhappy till they know.—
 The Gazette now becomes the wish'd-for Prize,
 There Death, and Spoils, and Conquest meet their Eyes;
 With mangled Heaps and Mountains of the Slain,
 And Crimson Streams that dye th' embattled Plain:
 Alternate each the new-vampt Hum surveys,
 And, fraught with Approbation, bursts to praise.
 " Bravo, they cry — Why, this is quite the Thing;
 " This shews an honest Ministry and K—;
 " This proves our Gen'als valiant, wise, and great,
 " And adds new Lustre to the *British* State!"

THUS K—s and Ministers or fall or rise,
 Are great or little in the vulgar Eyes;
 Gen'als are valiant while they fight away,
 But Cowards if perchance they lose the Day.

With

With these (so ripe to censure or huzza)

What subtle Arts are requisite to sway?

Pow'r ebbs and flows, alternate, like the Tide,

Is now ador'd, now lessen'd and decry'd:

To-day, a King's superior to a God,

To-morrow, but an animated Clod:

To-day, his Crown outshines the mid-day Sun,

At Night, a Gewgaw, scarce worth looking on:

His Sceptre, Yesterday the Scourge of Foes,

To-day, a Thing of nought, to frighten Crows.

A MINISTER, in consequence, is less

Or greater, in Proportion to Success:

Success is all he wants for vulgar Praise,

At best a weak and temporary Blaze.

Had I a Friend whom real Motives fir'd,

Whose public Spirit to the Helm aspir'd,

C

With

With earnest Pray'rs indulgent Heav'n I'd move,
 That all his Efforts might abortive prove.
 My Reason obvious—Too well I know
 What num'rous Cares from such a Source would flow.
 His public Character—how insecure!
 His private Peace—what Wounds it must endure!
 But should he, counter to my friendly Pray'r,
 Obtain his Point, and mount the Patriot's Chair;
 Ev'n then, if bold Integrity could guide
 His Heart, and Wisdom in his Head preside,
 If it were possible no Bribe could taint
 His lib'ral Hand, or e'er defile the Saint,
 Tho' from his Tongue mellifluous Periods roll'd,
 His Action just, his Sentiments extoll'd,
 Should all his Measures for the public Good
 Be well exemplified and understood,

Yet

Yet Faction, "with a jealous Leer malign,
 | "Would look askance *," and check his bold Design,
 Suggest strange Murmurs to the fickle Throng,
 (Who scarcely can distinguish Right from Wrong)
 And from the very Means that gain'd their Voice,
 Work them to vilify their wisest Choice.

IN vain the honey'd Effence of his Speech; —
 "Fallacious Rhetoric! — ever let him preach;
 "Still it is nothing but Equivocation,
 "And all his public Spirit Ostentation."
 Ev'n Facts themselves are Matters of Debate;
 Real Successes "Puff and empty Prate."

HINTS, Shrugs, and Nods, are Faction's Working-tools,
 And doubtful Phrases operate on Fools.
 Opinion soon gives way when Doubt commences,
 And *real Virtues* seem but *mere Pretences* :

* Milton.

One doubting Mind contaminates a Score,
As one infected Sheep rots twenty more.

THESE are the Arts that subtle Knaves contrive,
To keep the Flame of Discontent alive ;
And if, by chance, within an hundred Years,
One almost honest Minister appears,
There's not a K**ve of Pow'r throughout the Nation,
But what would gladly tear him from his Station.
Then who would wish, that's honest, for a Place
He cannot keep, exempted from Disgrace?

THE Helm, alas! best suits the fordid Elf,
Who fears no Censure, so he gets the Pelf :
Callous to all Reproach, he keeps his Sway,
And as the People murmur, makes them pay :
Levies new Taxes on their chiefest Wants,
And all a greedy S—— asks he grants :

Like

Like Gamblers playing to each other's Hands,
The Servant must obey his Lord's Commands ;
The Servant must support his Pride and Station,
And so between them both they fleece the Nation.

It adds but little to the public Care,
Who leaves or takes the ministerial Chair ;
One Knave by Artifice drives out another,
And his Successor is his very Brother ;
So much alike they play the winning Game,
You'd almost swear that either was the same ;
The only Difference, perhaps, is this,
The former, like a *Jason*, *stole* your Fleece,
The latter subtly takes another Way,
And *borrow*s only — never to repay.
Thus One by Force maintains his Argument,
The other rules ye by your own Consent.

THE

THE lowest Commoner in all the Realm
 Thinks he is wise enough to guide the Helm :
 And could he once attain the wish'd-for End,
 What crying Ills his Worship would amend !
 Those in his Int'rest wisely think the same,
 And with united Ardour toast his Name.
 Each Party have their Idol-Fools or Knaves ;
 The meanest Patriot has his Tribe of Slaves ;
 Wound up, like Watches, only for an Hour,
 To work a Fool or Villain into Pow'r :
 While gull'd, or gulling, each performs his Part
 With equal Merit in the juggling Art.

A MINISTER who rules the public Ear,
 Is the worst Ill a Nation has to fear.
 What tho' his Praises echo thro' the Streets,
 And loud Applause his fancied Merit meets ;

— If,

If, in a Kingdom always ripe for War,
 Whose Natives take Offence at ev'ry Jar,
 The Minister has nothing else to do,
 But subtly clap his Hands, and cry, Halloo!
 War! War! at length becomes the gen'ral Cry,
 Before the *Canaille* know for what or why.
 War once declar'd, true Policy must own
 The ministerial Harvest is begun :
 War's the best Plea to drain the Nation's Wealth,
 As Doctors for their Int'rest plead your Health.
 Alike the Statesman's and Physician's Skill
 Is not to remedy, but make the Ill ;
 The Ill once made, the Patients must endure it,
 And spend their All in groundless Hopes to cure it.
 Hope's a kind Friend to Statesman and Physician,
 Soothing the Patient in his worst Condition :

Pills,

Pills, Bolus, Blisters, Bleeding, Perspiration,
 He bears, in hopes to mend his Situation ;
 From Day to Day the Doctor leads you on,
 Your Strength decays, your Finances are gone ;
 Nor will the artful Knave declare you worse,
 Till he has drain'd the Bottom of your Purse ;
 And when he cannot touch One Guinea more,
 Shakes his wise Head, and gravely gives you o'er.

THUS the State-Quack, with self-same Resolution,
 Pretends to heal a broken Constitution ;
 Consults the venal Tribe 'bout Ways and Means,
 By subtle Stratagems for needless Drains,
 To draw the richest of a People's Blood,
 Beneath that vulgar Mask, the *Public Good* ;
 Prescribes for Duties, Money-Bills, and Taxes,
 Strains ev'ry Nerve, till ev'ry Nerve relaxes ;

And

And, lest they should recruit by Strength of Chear,

Levies a Tax on *Bread*, as well as *Beer* ;

Says the Disorder may affect their Sight,

And lays a double Duty upon *Light*.

Hail, liberal *Beam* ! by sacred Bounty given,

Tax'd by an *earthly Pow'r*, tho' free from Heaven.

BRITONS, be wise, and hear the Voice of Truth ;

Listen, ye hoary Heads, and sleeky Youth :

Ere State-Intrigues or Politics were known,

Or Juggling 'twixt the C--b---t and T—— ;

Ere sordid Avarice's venal Band

Receiv'd the Bribe from base Corruption's Hand ;

Then Kings themselves the Sword of Justice sway'd,

Happy their Subjects willingly obey'd.

A Minister of State was then no more

Than a mere Servant to the Royal Pow'r ;

D

An

An Honour to the Man who best deserv'd it,
 And, as he acted in his Place, preserv'd it :
 The People never knew his Consequence,
 Or heard of ministerial Influence :
 In Majesty alone they put their Trust,
 Implicitly they thought it wise and just :
 Such was their Veneration for their Kings,
 They could not think them sway'd by Underlings.
 As to themselves, their Bosoms, richly fraught
 With Liberty, were never to be bought ;
 Nor were the Ministers so vainly bold,
 To think so brave a People would be fold.

SHOULD modern Times adopt the antient Plan,
 Whence all our Glory, all our Strength began,
 Our *Second* ALFRED, when he rul'd alone,
 (No Foe-brib'd Statesman's Pow'r to thwart (his own)
More than the *First* would dignify the Throne ‡.

‡ The Author would not be understood as an Advocate for despotic power ; but that under a wise, virtuous, and magnanimous Prince, like our own, it is his Opinion (singular as it may be) that an arbitrary Plan of Government is by far the most eligible.

But

But ah! the Muse, with Diffidence and Fear
 Looks onward — No such Halcyon Days appear.
 Back to the fatal Source the Muse shall go,
 Whence Factions, Debts, and endless Taxes flow.

WHILE yet unknown to *Britain's* happy State,
 That Wealth or Pow'r could make a Villain great ;
 Unanimous her Seers in Council join'd ;
 Fix'd to their Country's Good, to that confin'd,
 No labour'd Periods mark'd the Patriot's Tongue,
 His Style was unaffected, clear, and strong :
 Truth, undisguis'd by Rhet'ric, beam'd like Day,
 And Tropes and Figures serv'd for School-boys Play :
 Learn'd without Pedantry, by Practice wise,
 They fought no Ornament or vain Disguise ;
 The public Weal their sacred End and Aim :
 Happy for *Britain* were it still the same !

BIG with the Fate of Kingdoms and of Kings,
 At length *Corruption* spread her baleful Wings:
 To various Climes she veer'd her rapid Flight,
 All fled terrific from the Dæmon's Sight:
 To various States she preach'd her curfed Lore,
 Aghast they heard her!—but would hear no more.
 Despis'd, abash'd, precipitate she flew
 To where the Cliffs of *Albion* rose to View:
 There in a rocky Cave conceal'd she lay,
 Fearful to shew her Face in open Day.
 There, ruminating on her first Disgrace,
 The Fiend resolv'd to mask her hellish Face;—
 And ere she ventur'd to “*direct the Storm**,”
 Subtly assum'd an Angel's beauteous Form.

THUS metamorphos'd for her black Intent,
 In Secret to the Senate-house she went.

* Addison.

No

No base Collusion with a hostile Nation,
 At this blest Period stain'd superior Station :
 The Sov'reign's Right and Subject's were the same ;
 The Statesman's wish'd Reward, unspotted Fame :
 Intrinsic Worth prevail'd o'er outward Shew,
 They scorn'd the Tinsel Fashions of a Foe.
 No private Gift, or ministerial Fee,
 Was then accepted from an Enemy ;
 No Bargaining 'twixt Statesmen yet was known,
 To sell a Country, or betray a Town.
 Laws then were made for Safety and Redress,
 To guard the Subjects Right, and not oppress.
 Taxes were laid where Riches made them sure,
 Not on the scanty Earnings of the Poor.

THUS, where the Seers in public Council sat,
Corruption fled with Poison for the State ;

And

And underneath the ministerial Seat
Invisible she kept her snug Retreat.
 Sudden as when some smothering Embers lay
 Conceal'd from Sight, and ripe to blaze away,
 Quick as the smoky Scent the Brain assails,
 Danger approaches, trembling Fear prevails.—
 Alarm'd, each Neighbour quits his Habitation,
 And strives to circumvent the Conflagration.
 So from the Senate-house immediate rose
 The *British* Sages, fearful to disclose
 What either felt:—But struck with Horror stood,
 As tho' some Mischief threaten'd public Good;
 Each to his private Closet trembling ran,
 To search and fortify the inward Man.

AGAIN repuls'd, she try'd her last Resource;
 Determin'd, she collected all her Force:

Now

Now *visible* she took her airy Flight,
Resolv'd at once to captivate the Sight.

WHILE thus (his Heart in secret Conf'ence fought)
Each Patriot acted as the Patriot ought,
To each the Harpy, with an Angel's Mien,
Appear'd erect, ineffably serene ;
And as her dazzling Splendor charm'd their Eyes,
Prostrate they fell with Rapture and Surprise ;
When thus the Fiend her artful Lore express'd.
" Hail, happy Man ! for ever are you blest !
" True to your Country's Good, pursue the Task,
" And bounteous Heav'n shall grant you all you ask :
" But as an Earnest of its sacred Pow'r, .
" Accept this *Casket*, fraught with richest Ore."

THUS fix'd the Basis of *Corruption's* Sway,
What M——— of State but must obey ?

When-

Whene'er she visits at the ——— Board,
 Who greater than Corruption and my Lord ?
 Hence the broad Stain that vilifies his Grace ;
 Hence the sweet Mammon of superior Place ;
 From hence those venal Stratagems that join,
 To blacken *Britain's* ministerial Line.

TRACE the whole Tribe, from *Burleigh* if you can,
 And find a M———r an honest Man.
 What were the Ministers of *James's* Reign ?
 A fawning Crew, that hugg'd a golden Chain.
 What were the Deeds by *Charles's* Statesmen done ?
 Or what the Ministers of *Charles* his Son ?
 How charmingly the Helm was set on Blaze
 By Ministers in *James* the Second's Days ?
William would scarce a *British* Statesman trust ;
 A Proof he neither thought them wise or just.

But

But *Anna* to her Servants trusted all ;
 What Wonder then the Realm was left in Thrall !
 For tho' throughout her Reign victorious, yet
 Her venal Statesmen run the Land in Debt.

SINCE then what large Additions have been made !
 What Millions rais'd to pay it !—yet unpaid.
 What Grants, what Duties, Taxes, and the Devil !
 To lessen, yet increase, this *growing Evil*.

HAIL, *W---p---le*, hail ! whose ample Head and Heart,
 By *Ways* and *Means* improv'd the *sinking Art* :
 Who, to a System thus, could regulate
 The noble *Art of Sinking* in the State.
 Never can *Englishmen* forget thy Pow'r,
 Who rais'd so very high—to *sink* the more.

HUSH'D be the Hireling Bard, whose venal Lays,
 So smoothly flowing, sung of *P---lt---y's* Praise.

E

Why

Why praise a *P--lt--y* to the Royal Ear,
 Unless to make the Commoner a Peer?
 That done, our *Tully* from the H—— withdraws,
 And to another K——ve consigns the Cause.

TRUE to his Sovereign, *P--b--m* strait arose;
 Honest, 'tis said——by whom?——by *Britain's* Foes.
 A Patriot's Zeal from public Welfare springs,
 And seeks the Kingdom's Int'rest, not the K——'s.

REplete with Vengeance, big with *Britain's* Fate,
 A subtle Beast strait seiz'd the Helm of State;
 His very Name bespoke his sanguine Heart,
 And public Spirit felt uncommon Smart:
 Too long *Britannia* groan'd beneath his Claws,
 Her Vitals torn by his voracious Jaws;
 When lo! bold *Freedom* rear'd her Form divine,
 And forc'd——the Beast thought proper to resign.

Rich

Rich with the Nation's Blood he quits the Helm :

Ah ! would to Heav'n he had but left the Realm !

But wise, he at a Distance keeps in Play,

Still hoping once again to seize his Prey.

HIGH o'er the Heads of all the servile Crew,

Yon great Leviathan, *N*——— view :

To foreign Ministers he gave the Treat ;

“ His first great ruling Passion——what ?——to eat †.”

State-Pimps and Panders trembled at his Nod,

And worship him as Saints adore their God :

He the grand Source whence Places, Pensions flew,

Around him Titles, Ribbands, Stars and Garters grew.

Now to a Land despis'd by Friends and Foes,

Her Darling *P*—— with Eloquence arose :

Conquest and Laurels soon reviv'd our Fame,

And ev'ry Babe would lisp the Patriot's Name.

† Pope.

Fresh

Fresh Triumphs each Express delighted brought ;
 But all these Honours were not cheaply bought :
 For every Victory by *Britain* gain'd,
 How ev'ry Coffer, ev'ry Purse, was drain'd !
 Pale *Discontent* and *Murmur* join'd Debate,
 And *Faction* rear'd her Presence in the State ;
 Her loud Declaimants baffle Eloquence,
 And Noise and Menaces extirpate Sense :
 With angry Brow the Patriot left his Seat ;
 Great his *Advances*, greater his *Retreat* !
 Pension and Peerage waited his Command ;
 Who could refuse them—from a royal Hand ?

WHY bellows *Faction* then ? why all this Rout ?
 He sery'd his Country—and himself no doubt.

SOME M---ft--rs have been such sordid Elves,
 They've ruin'd K— and Kingdom for themselves :

Foes

Foes to successful War, bade Conquest cease,
 And barter'd Victory for shameful Peace;
 Forgot the Heroes of the Field and Main,
 Who bravely fought, those Conquests to obtain:
 But pension'd *P*— restor'd the sinking Nation
 To Pow'r unequall'd, as her Reputation.

Is there one Advocate of Faction's Pow'r,
 Who for his *K*— or Country would do more?
 Or who, among the * * * * * can you guess,
 That for himself would take a Guinea less?
 Who is there can withstand the golden Fruit?
 Say, is it *Eg*—~~—~~, or is it *B*—?
 Who'd take the Helm without some selfish View?
 Say, *B*--*df*--*d*, *H*---*dw*--*ke*, is it you, or you?
 Yet each might serve himself and Country too.

But

BUT should some bright Phænomenon appear,
 And glorious fill the ministerial Chair;
 Void of Self-Int'rest, steel'd against a Bribe,
 A real Foe to all the venal Tribe;
 A Friend to Merit, to his Country just,
 Tenacious of his Honour and his Trust;
 If such a Statesman ever is to be,
 Who does not know that ———— † is he?

† The Author leaves this Chasm to be filled up by the Reader, in whatever Manner, and with whatever Name, he may think proper. For his own Part, he thinks it would not be ill supplied with that of HALIFAX.

F I N I S.